

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE STORY THAT MOVED MR ROOSEVELT

WE are told that when President Roosevelt heard this story of a Dutch boy and girl now at the Cheyne Hospital for Children in London he was deeply moved by it and immediately offered to be their fairy godfather and pay their fares to America.

The little boy is fifteen and his sister is thirteen, and on that terrifying night when the German barbarians marched into Amsterdam the children with their parents jumped into a boat and rowed for their lives towards England. It was the Land of Hope to them, the last chance they had in the world. They had no compass, and it was only after they had been rowing for seven days that they were rescued by a British destroyer.

IMMORTAL TALES OF OUR TIME

Never Were Nobler Deeds Than These

FROM the beginning of the world men have loved a great story. When the Cave Man came home at night his wife and their little ones would sit at the mouth of the cave and listen spellbound to the tale of his fight with the bear.

The monuments of Greece and Rome will perish but their stories will endure; long after their mighty walls, their stately columns, their noble statues have crumbled into dust the stories their mothers told the children will live on. It is not the great orations of Pericles, not the great victories of Caesar, that live in the minds of millions now, but a few familiar tales of heroes. They are such stuff as immortality is made of. Even Shakespeare must have a story to help him on his way.

The Poor Fiction Business

THAT is why our great novelists have been able to raise themselves to a height out of all proportion to the value of fiction in the world. If we think of it, the invention of stories is a poor business. When the truth is so wonderful, why make up a story? It has always been our belief, in telling the story of the world in these columns, that fact beats fiction hollow and that novels are dull things compared with actual events. The best part of fiction is the truth that is mixed up with it, and the best stories are those that are lived. Imagination pales before Reality.

We have only to think for a moment to see that this is true. A man who was painting houses a few years ago has turned upside-down the whole life of the world which has been built up through a hundred centuries. The long slow rise of civilisation from its dim beginnings in the cave with the wild beast at the door; through the age of the great heroes of Egypt and Crete and the Bible kings; down the corridors of time with Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle talking, and Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, and Augustus marching; through the long dark periods in which Christianity

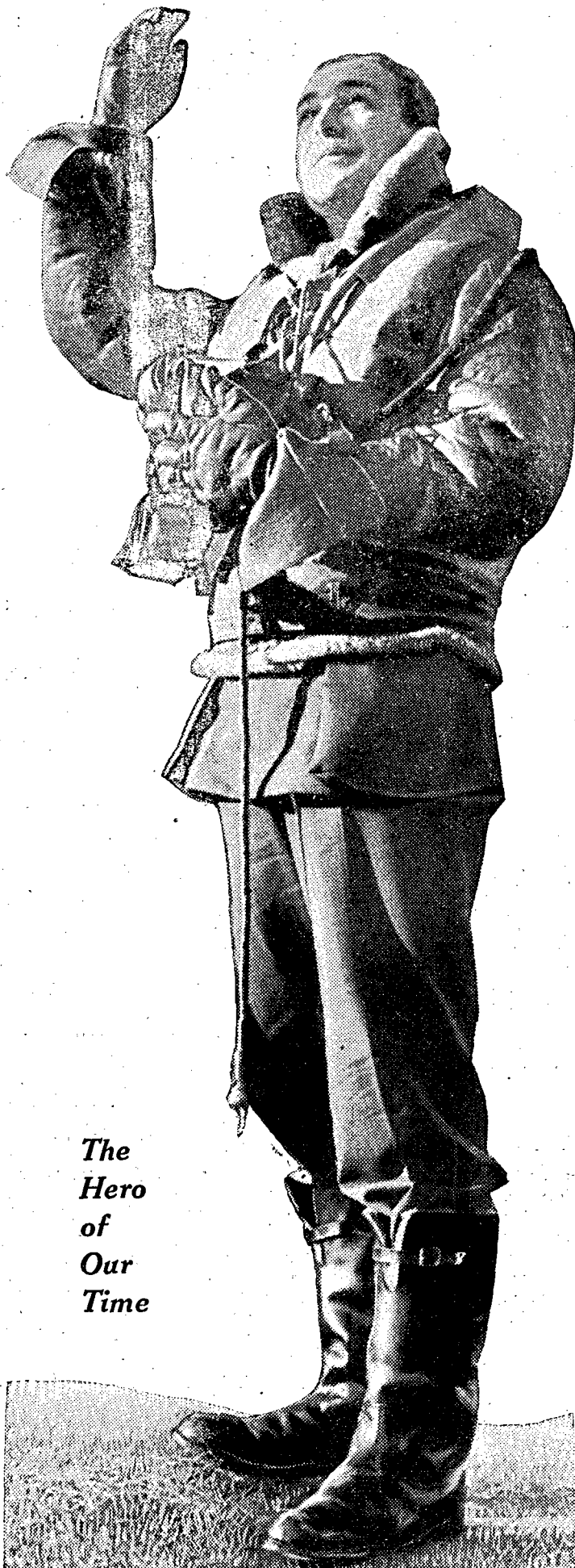
made its way and rose to power; to a revival of Rome with Michael Angelo and Raphael and the Popes; to the rise of England with Elizabeth and Drake and Shakespeare and Milton; to the Pilgrim's Dream of America and Raleigh's Dream of the Empire; and with all the marvellous unfolding of the powers of science till the wonder of it is beyond our dreams—all this has paused in its onward march and stilled at the bidding of a man who was yesterday in a prison cell and today is lord of a hundred million slaves. Was ever a story that does not pale before this?

The Pebble in Freedom's Sling

PERHAPS there is one, the story of the Island between the narrow North Sea and the wide Atlantic which, caught unready and unawares, rose as David tending his father's flock and with its pebble and sling of Freedom fashioned the weapon that would bring Goliath down. These are things not born of a wild imagining but immortal deeds wrought in the crucible of Life itself; they belong to the order of events by which the whole Creation moves. When we read that the earth was shaped by fire far back in the mists of Time, that a piece broke off and became the moon, that mysterious forces raised the mountains, planted the forests, and laid down the rivers and streams, we are reading of events of the same magnitude as those through which we live, for we are the instruments, you and I and every one of us, in the shaping of a new earth and the transforming of thousands of millions of lives.

Old Tales and New

AND yet it is not this wondrous tale itself that stirs most of us from day to day. It is too vast an evolution for most of us to understand. It is for us, as it was for Greece and Rome, the stories of our heroes that will outlast it all. The old, old stories that have gripped us so long, holding children from play and old



The
Hero
of
Our
Time

men from the chimney corner, are all surpassed by the doings of the men who live with us. Who now will want to read of Ulysses and Hercules, tales from Plutarch, or Bellerophon and his Flying Horse? The best short story in the world, no doubt, will enchant us still, and we shall read with misty eyes of Joseph making himself known to his brethren, and Ruth in the Cornfield will never fade away; but few are the stories of the past which can match the immortal heroisms of our time—The Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Men of Dunkirk, The Creeping Bomb Outside St Paul's, The Rescue from the Prison Ship, and the Boy on the Burning Plane. We need only pack these four stories into our minds if we would feel the thrill of our age.

The Burning Plane

THE boy on the burning plane is the youngest V C, a lad of 18 from Scotland. He was at his post as wireless operator in the R A F when his plane was hit over Antwerp, where they were bombing the barges Hitler had massed for the invasion of Britain. The bomb compartment was set on fire. Sergeant John Hannah walked through the fire to get to the extinguishers and found that the rear gunner had had to leave. There was a way of escape for him also, but he stayed and fought the fire for ten minutes with the extinguishers, and when those gave out he beat the flames with his log book. Thousands of rounds of ammunition were exploding round him, but he turned on his oxygen supply and went on. The fire raged fiercely, fanned by the wind through the great holes, the aluminium melted away, but the sergeant put out the flames and then crawled forward to find that the navigator had had to leave. He found the navigator's log and the maps and passed them to the pilot, who was thus able to bring his plane home.

Saviours of the Dome

THE story of the little group of men who saved the noblest visible thing that London has, the Dome of St Paul's, must live as long as the fame of Sir Christopher Wren. A bomb eight feet long and weighing a ton had buried

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Immortal Tales of Our Time

Continued from page 1

itself near St Paul's, 26 feet deep, and was waiting for the fuses to explode it, nobody knew when. It was one of the deadliest bombs that had fallen on London, big enough to wreck the whole cathedral. All the houses, shops, and warehouses were cleared for 500 yards round and an all-night watch was kept on the cathedral. But the men could not work on the bomb because a six-inch gas main was fractured near it and was blazing. Man after man was overcome by the fumes, but at last the gas main was repaired and the bomb men began. They dug through gravel and sand until they reached black mud.

There was the bomb, steadily creeping through the mud until in 24 hours it would be under the cathedral steps. One of the men down there rang his spade against the bomb so that the men at the top could hear it. They tried to raise it, but it was so heavy that it broke a half-inch wire three times, and the men sent for three lots of steel tackle before they could haul it out by a cable fixed to two motor lorries. They raised this deadly thing, which might at any moment have gone off and blown them up with St Paul's itself, and lashed it on to a lorry so that it could not move, and then, clearing miles of streets, they drove it down to Hackney Marshes and blew it up, rattling windows miles away and making a crater of a hundred feet. The tense anxiety of three days and three nights was over, St Paul's was saved, and the men were on their way to the next bomb.

The Navy is Here

THE first dramatic story of the war was the rescue by H.M.S. Cossack of three hundred captives on the German prison-ship Altmark. They had been collected from the Graf Spee, which had captured them in the Atlantic, and the Altmark was taking them home as a prize to grace a Hitler triumph. The ship was stealing quietly down the coast of Norway, in and out of the creeks in the dark, when it was surprised by the sudden appearance of the Cossack, whose men boarded it, mastered its crew, and with a great shout of "The Navy is here" sounded

the call to freedom for the 300 men down in the hold, interned like so many slaves. The British Fleet has a long list of triumphs going back a thousand years, but nothing in its story surpasses for audacious daring this redemption of 300 captives under the very noses of their captors.

The Miracle of 450,000 Men

AND yet there is to come the story greater than all these, the miraculous adventure of Dunkirk. Never can the half be told. It was as if the Day of Doom had come for the Island that stood alone, her allies fallen by her side, her foes outnumbering her by ten to one, her faith shaken by treachery unthinkable. The magnificent British Expeditionary Force, was marching to annihilation, the German wireless declared, and short of a miracle from heaven there seemed no power that could avert its doom. We might possibly save 20,000, the Admiralty thought.

In that dark hour was born a new power in the world, the dauntless spirit of the R.A.F. This gallant little force drove back the German planes and turned the barbarous tide that was sweeping to the sea. For days and nights they held the skies in face of enormous odds. In those desperate days they won that mastery of the air which they have never lost and which will save the world. Not 20,000 British troops but 330,000 and 120,000 Frenchmen were snatched from that deathtrap. The tide of the war was turned, the hearts of free men everywhere were lifted up, and Europe breathed again. A thousand big and little boats brought home the army that was lost and found, and today it mans the Island and keeps back the enslavers of mankind.

SUCH stories men are writing with their lives in this great age, and who shall say that fiction does not pale before them? They are the everlasting witness to that spirit of man that no chains can bind and no force can conquer, for it is the living spark struck off on the anvil of God when He set man on the earth to do His will.

Arthur Mee

Hitler is Sitting on a Time-Bomb

We cannot refrain from passing on to our readers this fine passage from a letter of Sir James Marchant, writing from Dorset.

HITLER's disbelief in the ultimate supremacy of the moral law, and the final conquest of God and the Christian spirit, will be his undoing. He is sitting on a moral time-bomb.

The bomb differs from the delayed type Hitler drops wantonly on our cradles, hospitals, and churches. Their explosive capacity is known and does not increase by lapse of time.

The time-bomb under Hitler is set to explode with certainty at an hour written in the judgment books. Its destructive force has exact relationship to his enormous crimes

against humanity. As his crimes increase, the bomb's explosive capacity increases. It has been made with unflinching precision according to eternal laws. No power on earth or in heaven can remove it. Surer than the rise and fall of tides or the passage of time the needle on the dial moves forward to its striking point. Whatsoever Hitler has sown that shall he reap—and he shall reap more than he has sown. Unless the whole universe is a lie and

The pillared firmament is rottenness And earth's base built on stubble.

When the moral time-bomb bursts it will shatter Hitler's material might and the whole Nazi edifice erected upon it.

News From a Doorstep

VERY welcome on our desk is the bright orange cover of the Toc H Journal every month, and from our latest copy we steal three bits of news from the doorstep of a Toc H club in Westminster.

The Passers-By

The street was being evacuated owing to a time-bomb, and two old ladies were waddling slowly past, chattering and carrying their bedding:

I ses to her, Mrs Sykes, I ses, if it hits yer, yer don't need to worry, and if it don't hit yer—well, why worry? Stands to reason, ses I.

The Charlady

One of the cleaners was late in the morning; her home had been hit and she had escaped by inches in the Anderson shelter:

But I had to laugh. The old alarm clock goes right up in the air, and when he comes dahn the old bell went orf, and none of us could stop it. Straight, I couldn't help but laugh—proper comical it was.

A Little Conversation

Now a familiar figure passes by and pauses on the doorstep, looking at the broken windows. He wears a tin hat and is looking round after the long night's battering of London:

Anyone hurt?

No, sir, thank you.

That's good: God bless you.

It is thrilling to know that £10,000 was sent to Toc H in answer to the wireless appeal not long ago.

SCHICKLGRUBER

Hitler, whose real name (if he has a name) is Schicklgruber, is a criminal of a rather uncommon type.

Most murders are committed in a fit of passion, or of jealousy; but there have been criminals who were absolutely destitute of moral sense. They will commit one murder after another to secure a few pounds of insurance money or for some other trivial advantage.

Such was the notorious Dr Palmer, of Rugeley, who poisoned at least 14 people before he was found out. His technique was monotonous; so is that of Adolf Hitler.

He is an absolutely shameless liar, but he is also a wholesale murderer. On June 30, 1934, he organised a massacre of inconvenient friends, who had raised him to power. It is believed that about 700 were killed. He is the perfect criminal.

Dr Inge

THINGS SEEN

A runner bean 23 feet high in a Suffolk garden.

A bean 16 inches long in a Worthing garden.

A wheatear hopping about the ruins of East End houses.

Notice on a barber's shop hit in a raid:

I have had a close shave: what about you?

LITTLE NEWS REELS

Well over a hundred thousand articles knitted by women have been sent out during the War to the Merchant Navy by the Seaman's Mission.

After the bombing of a maternity hospital in London every baby was found asleep in its cot.

At Blackpool a special air raid shelter has been built for dogs and cats, equipped with first aid material.

Over 800 tons of scrap iron has been collected by destroying imitation guns in Hyde Park and Rotten Row.

About 1000 tons of scrap iron is now being obtained every week from local authorities throughout the country: Manchester made a profit of £900 by pulling up the railings of 25 parks.

The Menai Bridge is to be free from tolls after this year.

Sir Irving Albery, M.P., having asked the Minister of Supply if he could remove the derelict railway bridge at Rochester for scrap, the minister has explained that it is worth while keeping the bridge at present in case it should be needed as an alternative way for traffic.

There is enough glass stored in the country to glaze about ten million houses.

One of the main food stores of Dr Barnardo's Homes has suffered considerable damage by enemy action, but none of the 8250 children in the Barnardo family will go hungry.

Bertram Coker, 13, of Bideford in Devon, has made a fretwork model of Buckingham Palace which he takes round collecting money for the Red Cross.

Scout and Guide News Reel

AN R.A.F. station Somewhere in England has presented an illuminated parchment to a Scout who made a plucky attempt to rescue a pilot when his plane crashed.

Five camps for Land Army hop-pickers in Herefordshire have been run by Guiders, who were responsible for the cooking and first aid.

An Essex Patrol Leader whose home was bombed rescued his mother and a little girl and helped to rescue others before it was noticed that he himself was badly wounded. On being sent to a first-aid post he called to his Scoutmaster that he would take the Cub Meeting on Wednesday.

The Boy Scouts Association is to start a Patrol Leaders Correspondence Course, designed to help them to run their Patrols while their Scouters are in the fighting services; 25,000 boys are expected to take the course.

Teaching Cook

Greatly daring, the Ministry of Food is teaching adults how best to economise food. In addition to inserting advertisements in the newspapers, it is sending mobile vans with kitchens and cookers to tour London and provincial towns in the charge of skilled cook-lecturers. Women, it is said, gladly pause in their shopping to learn how best to cook what they have bought, and to contrive new and appetising meals with very small means.

It should not be necessary, but unhappily it is and we congratulate Lord Woolton. We hope, however, that he will see that when all this is over no woman is allowed to marry unless she can cook.

The offer of a retired Army officer to forego his retired pay for the duration of the war has been accepted with gratitude.

A bullet hitting an aeroplane passed clean through the core of a bolt, leaving it hollow.

Barnardo's Homes have received from somebody unknown 3000 chests of molasses and 3000 chests of dried milk.

In the Prime Minister's constituency 150 homeless people in a school have been fed on chickens killed during an air raid.

A rate book with a note of the rates paid by Elizabeth Fry has been discovered in clearing an attic at East Ham Vicarage.

It is wonderful how many bombs do little harm; in one week 1000 incendiary bombs fell in the Midlands with a casualty list of one haystack!

The officers and men of the Ark Royal, which has been "sunk several times" by German and Italian propaganda ministries, have sent £13 5s to the Lifeboat Institution.

London girls are helping with the Lincolnshire sugar beet harvest. It is estimated that three factories will produce enough sugar to supply London for about a year.

Belgian people lay flowers every day in front of the memorial to British soldiers near the Palais de Justice in Brussels.

The American Red Cross has spent about a million pounds in aid of War services for this country.

Mr R. G. Jarvis of Costessey, Norfolk, has grown a crop of peanuts in a glasshouse.

Two London Guides evacuated to Woking have raised £3 for the local Spitfire Fund, by holding a competition outside their front gate. Passers-by had to guess the weight of a marrow (24½ lbs) at 2d a guess.

A London Guide Evacuee writes: "We had a bomb in our front garden. We are so glad it wasn't in the back as we are growing vegetables there."

Eight members of the Staff at Guide Headquarters are acting as Jenny Crows, spotting on the roof in Buckingham Palace Road; they are members of the H.Q. Fire Squad.

Worcester Cubs have been hop-picking, and the money earned has been sent to the Red Cross Fund.

The Cornwell decoration, the Scout V.C., has been awarded to Raymond Woollard of Lowestoft, who is bedridden and through three years of intense pain has shown great courage and cheerfulness.

LONDON CHAT

London folk have a curious trick of understating events.

When someone remarked the other day that he thought London firemen were having a hot time of it, a member of the brigade said modestly that at any rate they were not suffering from cold feet.

It was much the same with a London taximan. Held up during an air-raid, his passenger observed, "You are having a bad time just now, I guess?"

"Rotten," said the taximan; "petrol's harder to get than ever."

But the oddest remark of this kind was made by an old lady who had just been rescued from a house which had received a direct hit. Surveying the jumble of wood and brick which had been her home, she remarked, "Well, now, isn't he a destructive little monkey?"

COAL FROM WASTE

An American scientist, Dr Ernest Berl, is showing that coal and mineral oil can be made in an hour from waste vegetation.

In a paper read to the American Chemical Society he describes a process by which coals, phosphates, and oils are manufactured from grass, seaweed, leaves, wood, straw, and other material containing carbohydrates. The material is heated under pressure, and the transformation is very rapid.

The discovery should be valuable, especially to countries with few natural resources.

THE SHEPHERD'S PURSE

An old shepherd was making a few purchases in a village store somewhere in Yorkshire. He took out a leather purse much the worse for wear, and clumsily sewn up with string. "That looks an old purse," said someone.

"Aye," replied the shepherd, "it isn't new. It was given me by a saddler in Etton, near Beverley. I was a lad of twelve, and was just leaving school. I've used it every day for sixty years, and I reckon it ought to last me as long as I'll be needing money."

WIDOW'S MITE

Above the deluge of hatred, treachery, and cruelty let loose by the Nazi barbarians rise human qualities shining in sublimity, like buttresses shouldering back the evil flood that submerges half the world.

It is not only the heroic self-sacrifice of the individual and the many, risking injury and death for others; it is that still more taxing ordeal borne by suffering and starving people who pinch themselves still more to help those whose need seems greater than their own.

Natives of India with their pitances have given of their little, old-age pensioners have yielded up their income, workpeople with straitened means have pruned their resources, and now, most moving example of all, the people of Chung-king are raising a fund for the distressed poor of London's bombed areas.

Chung-king, free China's modern capital, has been tortured by months of bombing, fires, privation, and cumulative woe, yet its brave and kindly folk give of their little store some mite to help to soothe the miseries of their kindred in distress.

FIRE FIGHTERS

The clanging sound of the fire-engine's bell thrills every boy and girl.

Do you know what happens when the fire alarm is given? The Modern Boy's Book of Fire Fighters tells how fires are fought by land and sea all over the world. It is vividly illustrated with numerous action photographs and there are four colour plates. This splendid book, which costs five shillings, will please any boy.

One of Grenfell's Men

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR has gone, but his example must ever stand as a glorious challenge to all who would lead a selfless life.

His passing brings to mind an incident which happened a year or two ago. There was a ring at the doorbell of one of our readers, who found there a man in a shabby coat. He was selling something, and our reader bought it, not because he really wanted it, but because he knew the man slightly.

When the transaction was complete he closed his case, pocketed his money, and paused

The Poles Must Not Hear Their Master's Music

THE Nazi barbarian who struts about in Poland with the dignified title of Chief of Culture has banned the playing of any works by Chopin, the immortal Polish composer, and one of the greatest pianists the world has ever known.

Chopin's German contemporary Schumann had a very high opinion of this great Pole, for when he reviewed some of his compositions Schumann wrote, "Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!" Mendelssohn, another German, gave him the pet name of Chopinetta, and said of one of his pieces that "it is so perfectly beautiful that I could go

on for ever playing it." Not only had Chopin's works a ready sale in Germany then, but he gave concerts at the chief cities in that music-loving country.

It was at Stuttgart that Chopin composed his famous Étude in C Minor which, like the Prelude, was inspired by his grief at the Russian capture of Warsaw in 1832. "This music is dangerous," exclaimed the Tsar; "it is like guns hidden under beautiful roses."

A frail man, Chopin was unable to fight for his native land and took refuge in Paris, where sympathy for the Poles under the

cruel treatment of their foes gained him many friends.

A visit to England in 1837 led to the publication of his works in this country, and some ten years later he came again, but so weak was he now that he had to be carried to the piano. Strangely enough, his lovely music failed to arouse enthusiasm here, and evidently had not done so when the Albert Memorial was set up, for Chopin is not represented among the great musicians of the world. In 1849 this poet of the piano died, and was laid to rest to the sound of the Requiem of the German composer Mozart.

FOR EVERY SCHOOL IN CHESHIRE

I came across a volume the other day which I think should be a textbook in every school in Cheshire. It is one of a series of works edited by Arthur Mee. The book is a remarkable one in many ways, and if our teachers wish to inculcate in the minds of their children a love of the county of their birth here is an opportunity. Stockport Express

THE CHILD AND THE VOICE

From a Norfolk Correspondent

A few days ago a little girl about nine had just finished tea and was about to go out to play with her companions, when she turned back as a plane was near. "Mummie," she said, "I don't like that plane, so I'll come in, and almost immediately a bomb dropped near by. "Mummie," said the child, "do you think it was God told me to come in?"

A WORD FROM THE GOLD COAST

A well-known business firm in Birmingham not long ago received this letter from a customer in the Gold Coast:

*God Provides Stores,
Kyekratia Street,
Akropong, Akrapim.*

I beg to writing to ask you that your pardon to send me catalogue about hats and blankets and everything. Please try to send me in time when you will hand this letter because it is need one very much.

NEWS FROM A RUBBER PLANTATION

One of our readers who has just gone to live on a rubber plantation in New Guinea writes to tell us of having been awakened the other morning by what sounded like rifle shots. Jumping out of bed, she ran out, and was amazed to see the pods from the rubber trees shooting into the air in all directions. Sometimes they landed 150 feet from where they were catapulted. Later she learned that rubber seed-pods are so tightly packed that they do explode in this way, which enables the trees to space themselves!

A Leaf Out of Old Pliny

A RAID following quickly after a warning, a jovial little company of people from a group of bungalows of fragile build set out the other evening for a public shelter, their pillows on their heads as a shield against shrapnel. The leader halted to have a word with a CN reader. "Tin hats are still wanted," he said, "so, Vesuvius being in action again, we are taking a leaf out of the book of old Pliny," and away he went with a shout of laughter. And what did old Pliny do? It was in the eruption of

THE LEARNED SEAMAN

We hear from the Seaman's Mission, which sends reading matter to 45 stations at home, that one seaman asked for Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The Mission had no copy of this, and offered Macaulay's History, but the seaman had read that.

Since the beginning of the year over 5000 sailors have asked for the New Testament, and one man the two volumes of the Journal of Philosophical Studies—which we confess we ourselves should not think of reading on account of the profundity.

THE BADGER IN THE CRATER

A farmer near Folkestone had been bothered by a badger which had killed many of his chickens. Recently a time bomb was dropped in one of his fields, and when it exploded the crater it formed was bigger at the bottom than at the top. Some days later a small boy came running to him, shouting that he had seen an animal in the crater, and the farmer was astonished to find that he had caught the badger.

A GOOD FIGHT GOING ON

In Central America the good fight against yellow fever still goes on.

Some years ago, after the cause of its spread by a mosquito had been proved, it was thought by those who had so successfully freed the Panama Canal zone from malaria that yellow fever had also been subdued. But then there was a new outbreak, and the work had to be begun again over an area 200 miles north and 500 miles south of the zone. It has been taken firmly in hand by vaccinating all and sundry with the virus of the disease.

The year before last 40,000 persons were vaccinated; last year the numbers passed the million mark; and the deaths from this scourge of the tropics are becoming continually more rare. For this the population has to thank the Rockefeller Institute, which furnishes the vaccine and the doctors. The effect of the vaccination, if it does not cure altogether, prevents it over long periods.

MONEY BACK

When the postman brought a cheque for a thousand dollars to Walter Gardner of Savannah, Georgia, the other day the old Negro put on his coat and hurried down town.

A veteran of the Great War, he had been waiting for this compensation money for eighteen months, and during that time had been forced to live on the dole. Much to the surprise of the relief officials, who told him it was not necessary, the Negro refunded the money he had received from them, saying that they could help somebody else with it.

THE BELLS OF ST GALLEN

In some countries church bells are being melted down to make war material, but in Switzerland there has just been cast at St Gallen the biggest set of bells the country has ever had. It consists of six, the biggest weighing 15,000 pounds.

STORY

This little tale reaches us as a bit of Presidential Election news from America.

One Negro was overheard saying to another: "You know, Roosevelt is jes like de Bible, for the Bible says Come unto me and I will give; but Roosevelt, he say, You stay right where you are and I will send it to you."



Stringing the Onions

There is a scarcity of onions this year, although this picture from Monmouthshire suggests a good crop from at least one garden

SHEFFIELD DIGS

Forty men over 80 belong to Sheffield's Dig for Victory army, which has 15,000 allotments, each bigger by 100 square yards than the usual plot in the city. There are also hundreds of children's plots.

FROM JONNY

Not ourselves but the Director of the BBC is responsible for the following extract from a letter written home by an evacuated eight-year-old boy now on a Somerset farm:

I have arrived safely. I like the man's face. I don't like the woman's face, but p'raps she'll look better in the morning. I like the dog's face best. Love from Jonny.

THANK YOU

A tiny tot of five, exceptionally bright and quick in her chatter, came to Sunday-school one afternoon when the superintendent was carefully explaining about thanksgiving. Our little one had been interrupting with odd remarks since the lesson began, and suddenly in her high-pitched voice she called out to the superintendent, "When the All Clear goes I say Thank You, Mr Air Force."

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



One Prime Minister on Another

MR CHURCHILL has come into his own after many days; he is the greatest Prime Minister of our century.

It is interesting to remember the prophecy of another Prime Minister concerning him. It was after the last war, when one of our artists was painting a famous scene in which was a group of public men. The Prime Minister of those days was there, and, looking over the painting before it was finished, Mr Lloyd George missed the face of Mr Churchill. "Why, you haven't got Winston," he said to the artist, "You must have him in; he will be famous if only for his literature."

So the artist popped him in, and now "Winston," apart from his literature, has surpassed the fame of his predecessors for many long years.

Tales of Two Wives

WHO has not been delighted to read the stories of the wives of two famous men on both sides of the Atlantic?

One was Sister Kay, who was training in University College Hospital, London, and was introduced to the Duke of Kent when he called to inspect the nurses. The Duke shook hands and Sister Kay curtsied, and we are quite sure the new V A D would talk much of it when she got home, for she was the *Duchess of Kent*.

The other story is of Mr Wendell Willkie, who was shaking hands with an immense number of people when a lady came into the crowd, shook hands, and said, "This is a great pleasure; I have always wanted to shake hands with you, Mr Willkie." Mr Willkie smiled, but not for a little while did he realise that he had shaken hands with his own wife.

JUST AN IDEA

How true it is that, as Helen Keller has said, war is a form of blindness which is much more difficult to cure than mere lack of eyesight.

Under the Editor's Table

SCIENTISTS are trying to find out the truth about noise. Then we shall hear it.

DON'T leave radishes too long in the ground. Or they will run short.

IT is impossible to play golf and think of anything but hitting the ball. Some people find it impossible to play golf anyway.

SOMEONE has been writing about the girls behind the airmen. But they keep up with them.

A NEW Charlie Chaplin film will soon be seen in London. A capital entertainment.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If we are fed up with food rationing

A JOURNALIST has been denouncing the British farmer. He isn't down on the farm.

THE average London cellar is fairly deep. Some are below the average.

IN a happy household there is no friction. How do the inmates manage to rub along?

SMALL babies stand up very well to air-raids. Those who stand up best take them lying down.

THE hay-box cooker is coming in again. Some think it is the last straw.

OUR GOOD THINGS

THERE is nothing so beautiful now as it used to be, the poet says.

Perhaps not. The musk has lost its scent, and even sugar is not quite so sweet. But it is wonderful how many things are just as good, and just as cheap.

The glory of an autumn day costs no more than before the war. The reds and browns and golds in the windows of the big shops are expensive, but the reds and browns and golds of the countryside are no dearer than before. It does not cost a penny more to walk through a wood.

The sunset costs no more, though every time it comes it seems more wonderful. Nobody has put up the price of the warmth of the sun, or of the light it pours forth all day long.

The air we breathe is as cheap as ever. It is as pure as it was, it rushes through our bodies surging with new life, yet for all the rising prices our oxygen does not cost us more.

Without money and without price the birds still sing. The jay dashes through the wood in his handsome coat; Robin Red-breast hops about the door; the tits are in and out among the shrubs; and the music and gladness of an autumn day are free for all. The stillness and the sounds cost not a penny more.

No dearer is the vision of the matchless landscapes of this little land of ours, with the hills that go leaping on, the snug little valleys that lie between, the green carpet stretched across a thousand fields, and the trees that raise their heads on high. The price of a landscape painting has gone up, but landscapes are as cheap as ever.

The roses cost no more—and still they bloom in December. The yew hedge is looking like a dream; the red berries of the berberis are hanging like thousands of rubies; the firs are fair beyond compare; the escallonia is clinging to the wall. They have come through the war; they have had to fight poverty and neglect; yet there they stand, and cost no more.

The stars by night and the sun by day, the silence that is in the lonely hills, the dreams that lie hidden in the wood, the wonder of a country lane, the marvel and the music and the mystery of this natural house that we inhabit, built without hands and costing us nothing, are as free as in happier days.

The Barren Lands

How many people have noticed, we wonder, that neither Germany, so famous for its music, and Italy, immortal for its contributions to sculpture and painting, have produced either a great piece of music, a great work of art, or a great book under their Dictators?

Poor indeed have become the lands that were once so rich.



YOUNG FIRE FIGHTERS

A demonstration of their help in

The Thread of Gold

It is hard to exaggerate the importance of language to any race, and impossible when the race and language are both great. Races become impressive through their works, as in the monuments of Egypt and the buildings of Rome, or through their character, as with the British and the Jews; but language transcends all other forms of distinction, for it is the medium through which the very soul of a people finds expression, and by which it records itself eternally before the judgment of the ages.

The Jewish race, in the eyes of the world, has been redeemed from its weaknesses by the glory of its early literature, transmitted to us in the Bible. The charm of an ancient story, the clarion call of the prophet, and the serene piety of the Psalmist come to us as warnings that the Hebrew people must not be judged only as eminent in business astuteness, but as the race which led mankind towards an exalted conception of God.

Greece and Rome

The greatness of Greece, seen partly in her works of beauty, has been transmitted to us in an infinitely fuller measure by her drama and poetry, her history and philosophy, enshrined in a language of exquisite nobility and power. The greatness of Rome, built into her roads and engrossed in laws that have descended to all nations, finds its fullest testimony in the gift of the Latin tongue, which once went far towards binding all mankind in a common speech.

In the same way, much as we have reason for pride in our record as an adventurous people—practical, persistent, sturdy, and successful—our greatest cause for satisfaction is the language to which we have been

born and the literature with which it is enriched. The English language is the golden thread that runs through English history, binding it into a splendid unity. Too little have our people realised the magnificence of their heritage of speech and books.

What Our Land Has Been

Only through English speech and books can the vast majority of our race hope to attain a wide understanding of what our land has been; how she has grown from a primitive place, isolated and rather uncouth, into a country with a dignity of history unsurpassed and a wealth of experience unapproached by that of any other State on earth. Only through our native literature can we understand how wide is the range of British influence. The scope of personal observation is narrow for the average man while he is busy among his fellows; but by the use of books he may extend his observation through time and space.

If he wishes to be taken outside his small social circle, outside the limits of his direct experience, and to range the ages during which the same soul of man has been learning new lessons, or if he wishes to participate in the great scenes when human destiny has approached its most momentous crises, he can turn to the books in his own tongue where the progress of his race is pictured. As he approaches nearer our own times he will realise the stimulating truth that English is becoming not only the repository of the finest modern literature, but the language which all the world will some day speak. Think of the course by which it has come to us.

The welding of Saxon and Norman speech in the verse



ion by members of the East Suffolk Youth Service, who have offered
quelling heath fires and crop fires started by incendiary bombs

That Binds Our Race

of Chaucer, so aptly expressing every humour of his tolerant spirit; the gentle pageantry of Edmund Spenser pacing slowly before our eyes while we are lulled by the mellow cadences of his song; the romantic tales that were the natural voice for the stout doings of the Elizabethan Englishman; the marvellous survey of life in all its moods and phases by Shakespeare, suggesting new meanings to every generation of readers; the creative imagination of Milton, bodying forth its visions with an equal stateliness and grace; the new readings of the inner heart of Nature by Wordsworth; the echoes of the most intimate problems of thought in the musical verse of Tennyson—all these are but the crowning crests of a whole world of English poetry which enthralls us if we turn to it and seek to understand it.

The English Bible

Then there is the fine prose through which the changing mind of religion has been carried down, with its loveliest expression in the marvellous English Bible, and in the Book of Common Prayer; the books derived from the style of the Bible, such as the writings of John Bunyan, the humour of Thomas Fuller, the saintly pleadings of Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter.

Or, turning to philosophy, history, and criticism, there is the balanced worldly wisdom of Bacon, now and again curiously shot with beauty; the closely-knit thought of John Locke; the triumph of Edmund Burke in explaining political principles on the high level of pure literature; the stately march of Gibbon through the history of centuries; the glit-

tering brilliance of Macaulay; the tender humours of Charles Lamb; the arresting thoughts-by-the-way of Robert Louis Stevenson; and, besides these, all the world of memoirs and biography, the fascinating records of adventurous travel, and the vast panorama of life and character in an unbroken succession of novelists, from Daniel Defoe to Thomas Hardy, with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray as their kings, and Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot as their queens.

Riches of the Mind

The language freighted with all these riches of the mind is fitted for every worthy use, whether it be that of everyday intercourse, of business, of the search for knowledge into its remotest fastnesses, of displaying the loftiest idealisms of the soul, or of tracing the most exact processes of reasoning. No activity of the mind is too trivial or too vast to elude the resources of this language of which we are the born inheritors.

Its adaptability is marvellous. Changed into its idiom, the finest productions of the Eastern mind gain in dignity and tenderness. The Bible is far more impressive in English than in the more precise and logical French, where it loses some part of its atmosphere of reverence. French has been studied and pruned into a fine exactness by a people proud of carrying it to perfection, while English has been allowed to grow in wild profusion, as best it could, with the scholar to act a gardener's part and trim its growths. It is like a land of enchantment that never fails in its appeal—a land not far off or difficult to reach, but always round about us, and its delights grow upon us as years pass by.

The Only Way to Peace

I WILL always uphold liberty; only on the principles of liberty can nations be contented, and only with the contentment of nations can there be peace on the earth. With me and my principles there is lasting peace; with the tyrants of the world there is oppression, struggle, and war.

Louis Kossuth

THY WILL BE DONE

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?

Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah Flower Adams

Nature Moves to Order

THERE is order throughout Nature; order lies in the very heart of things. By applying his mind thereunto, to use Newton's words, the man of science finds the world to be intelligible. Does it seem a far-fetched thought that it is all intelligible because in the beginning was Mind, and that Mind was with God, and the Mind was God?

Professor J. A. Thomson

Let Nothing You Dismay

LET nothing disturb me,
Nothing affright me.
Everything passes.
God is unchanging.

Saint Teresa

John Clare Calling

YOU will have communications with all nations by and by, and steam will be boiling from one end of the world to the other. Yours will be the world's market and sellers will muster like locusts from all quarters on the wings of all the winds... methinks with a long pole you'll be shaking hands with Africa and with some patent ear-trumpet be bidding Good-Night and Good-Morning to all the world.

John Clare on London in 1830

COURAGE

COURAGE! Nothing can withstand

Long a wronged, undaunted land

If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!

Courage! Nothing e'er withstood

Freed men fighting for their good.
Armed with all their fathers' fame,

They will win and wear a name
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the gods of old in story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth

For the good they gave to earth.

Courage! Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,

And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage! Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die!

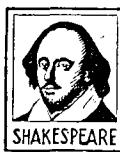
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Courage! To the fight again!

Bryan Waller Procter

The Happiness of Tomorrow

THE good we do today becomes
The happiness of tomorrow.

Hindu proverb



CARRY ON

THIS PRECIOUS STONE SET IN THE SILVER SEA

We all love those noble lines of Shakespeare on this royal throne of kings; this is how they come into the Play of Richard the Second, who was throwing his throne away when John of Gaunt lay dying, and burst out in this fine speech.

O, BUT they say the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired

And thus expiring do foretell of him;

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world, .

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it),

Like to a tenement or pelting farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death!

HOW DARE YOU BREATHE THE AIR OF HEAVEN?

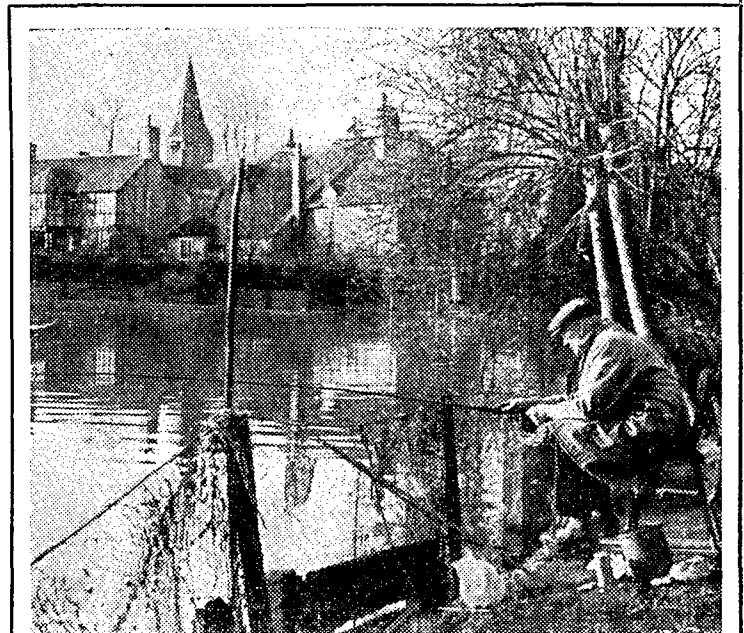
We feel that we may quote this passage from the American writer John Hancock, who was thinking of a massacre 170 years ago, though his words seem to fit the troublemakers of the world in all ages.

YE dark, designing knaves, ye murderers, parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drunk in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands?

How dare you breathe that air which waited to the ear of heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition?

But if the labouring earth does not extend her jaws, if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death, yet hear it and tremble.

The eye of heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul, traces the leading clue through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from mortal eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose death you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God.



Back-Garden Fisherman

The Thames flows past the garden of this Berkshire resident, who is able to indulge in his favourite pastime without leaving home

A Pocketful of Seeds For Beauty's Sake WE WANT MORE TREES

WE need trees, trees, and still more trees. In this war, far more than in any other we have known, there is a great wastage of forests and woodlands, and it is the duty of all to think of the future and do what we can to repair the damage.

All girls and boys can help by collecting seeds and planting them, even if it is only to ensure the growth of new trees in fields and gardens.

In October many familiar trees ripen their seeds. There is the lovely silver birch, whose graceful catkins are breaking away and letting out their brown papery seeds to float in all directions. If the catkins can be reached, collect them. If not, spread a cloth under the tree to catch the seed. Place the catkins or seeds in a warm room for a day or two to dry, but not near a hot fire, for this would kill them. Then store the seed in a cardboard box in a cold, dry room till spring. Alder seeds are treated similarly.

The seeds of many trees, if not sown within a week or two of gathering, will either die or take a very long time to come up. These should be gathered as soon as they are coloured and begin to fall. The sycamore, which has seeds like an angel's wings, is one of this class, but if the seeds are stored in dry sand for the winter they can be sown in spring. The case of the beech is similar, for some people prefer to sow the seed at once, while others store it in dry sandy soil, particularly if the seed is gathered late, when the ground is cold.

Here are some of the tree seeds which should be sown as soon as

possible in November. First is the hornbeam, whose seeds will be found ready to come out of their pretty winged catkins; sow these about quarter of an inch deep in a cool place in fluffy soil. Horse chestnut can be put in two inches deep almost anywhere. Another big nut, which can be sown as soon as it is in the shops, is the walnut. The black moist English nuts are usually alive, but the clean brown foreign nuts are mostly dead through being dried in kilns. Plant the walnuts about three inches apart in a deep furrow of fluffy soil in a rather warm position.

Shady parts of the garden along fences and walls, which are useless for vegetables, are perfect for tree-sowing. The seeds should be sown soon, while the ground is still warm. Trees like fluffy soil; it need not be deeply dug. To make the soil fluffy, fork it a few inches deep, and work in burnt soil, sand, leaf-mould, or peat.

If the fence faces east and the ground is very dry, give it a soaking the day before sowing, but usually at this time of the year this is unnecessary. Some trees do better the first year in places not too shady, so try to find a plot for these facing west, with some sun. If the plot is shady, trees that like the sun may be transplanted into a brighter spot almost as soon as they come up.

Most trees are better left a year if the position suits them; but almost any seedlings can be moved when they are just coming up.

The Men of the Trees are suggesting a million shillings fund for the restoration of our woodlands.



Rough Going

A soldier of the Royal Artillery negotiating a muddy field during an intensive course of motor-cycle training

Dr Yong's Beautiful Tomb

THE Office of Works has been wise in protecting what many think the most beautiful monument in the City of London.

Seen, alas, by too few, this is Torrigiano's tomb of Dr John Yong in the museum at the Record Office. It was originally set up in the Rolls Chapel, which stood on this spot, and of which Dr Yong was Master in the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth. He was one of the executors of Henry the Seventh's will.

Torrignano was the most famous of the Italians who introduced Renaissance Art into England, his tombs of Henry the Seventh and Margaret Beaufort being among the most magnificent in the Abbey. Yong's tomb is as exquisite as these, though smaller, and shows him in a red gown and a square cap, while in the lunette above him is a fine head of Christ.

Dr Yong succeeded Wolsey as Dean of York, but it is as a diplomatist that he lives in history, for his royal masters sent him on many important missions abroad. He helped to arrange that holy league against France in which for the last time in our history the Pope was allied with our Crown in a war, and he tried (without success) to bring about a marriage between Henry's sister Mary and that Prince Charles who was afterwards to become the fifth Roman Emperor of that name. Dr Yong was a great friend of the learned men of his time, especially Dean Colet, William Grocyn, and the great Erasmus. Erasmus dedicated to him his work on Plutarch as a return for patronage which must have proved very helpful to the clever Dutchman, who loved England in one of the most attractive periods of its long story.

The Leaping Flame

A flame five feet high leapt into the air near Napier the other day. It was natural gas which had been ignited.

Tapped at a depth of 160 feet, it roared fiercely at high pressure. New Zealanders have high hopes of using this gas in the place of fuel oils, of which there is a shortage.

Many Maori houses in the thermal regions are lit and steam-heated by natural gas; but there is a definite drawback about this. Should something get choked the whole house is liable to explode, leaving no trace for the plumber when he arrives on the scene!

Iceland, too, has natural central-heating, and so has Medicine Hat in Alberta, where for the last 30 years the street lights have not been turned off because it is cheaper to keep them going all day than to pay a man to turn them off.

The Meanest Churl in London

We are sorry to say he sells newspapers not a hundred miles from Fleet Street.

He does not deserve the honour of handing out the news of our brave airmen to the public. He does not deserve that they should risk their lives for him. He does not deserve the name of Englishman, and we hope he is not one.

A friend of ours, having bought two papers from him, found that he was at the wrong station for his train, and seeing no buses about asked the newsman if the Victoria buses were running from there.

Then it was that this man, owing his stand to the courtesy of the railway company, owing his life to the chivalry of his countrymen, and owing his living to the patronage of the public, pulled himself up pompously, stuck out his lips like an ape, and said:

I can do many things if I am paid; if I am not paid I do nothing.

Unable to believe his ears, our friend turned to a courteous roadman and received his information, told the churl that he was not worth fighting for but wished him a quiet night, and left him standing at the receipt of custom with a smirk on his face.

Wonderful Facts About You

48. The Savings Bank of the Body

The liver is really like a bank for the body; it selects certain parts of the food which is in the blood and stores them up for future use. We can imagine a workman, on receiving his wages, calling at the bank on the way home and putting in the bank for future use a certain part of the wages which he does not want immediately. The remainder he takes home and uses for buying food, clothes, coal, and so on. Similarly we may imagine the blood to be the workman, and as it carries along the food it has absorbed it calls at the liver and leaves a certain proportion there for future use. Then it passes on and distributes the remainder of the absorbed food about the body.

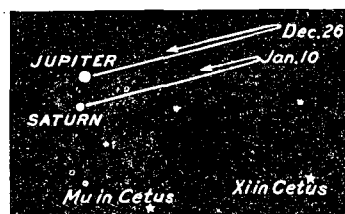
49. The Eye as a Camera

The eye is a camera and takes a photograph of the things we are looking at. The picture is taken at the back of the eye, and a white cord, called the nerve of sight, stretches from the back of the eye to the brain and lets the brain know what the picture is like. We do not really see with the eye; seeing is an intellectual act to which the work of the eye in taking the picture is a necessary preliminary.

JUPITER AND SATURN Now NEAREST TO US Companions in the Heavens

THE two greatest worlds of our Solar System, Jupiter and Saturn, are now at their nearest to us and therefore appear at their brightest. They are unmistakable, appearing close together in the south-east sky in the evening. Jupiter is much the brightest and is to the left of and above Saturn.

Jupiter is also very much the nearest to us, and on Sunday, November 3, will be 370 million miles away, and Saturn will also be at his nearest to us on the same day, but 763 million miles away, notwithstanding their apparent proximity. It is very rare for these two worlds to be at their nearest to us on the same day and almost in line; some thousands of years must have elapsed since this happened before.



The parallel paths of Jupiter and Saturn relative to certain faint stars during the next four months; showing also how they appear to reverse.

Further, it is a very rare and remarkable circumstance for them to remain in such a relative position for so long a time, for eight months, from last June to February. Now, since Jupiter is speeding through space at about 500 miles a minute, while Saturn's average rate is but 350 miles a minute, we would have expected Jupiter to have speedily passed Saturn, as usually happens about every twenty years. It is, however, many generations since such a spectacle of prolonged companionship as we are witnessing this year has occurred. Not since 1683 has anything like it been seen.

It may seem amazing that Jupiter, travelling so much faster, does not seem to make any progress from

Saturn; but the explanation is that Jupiter is so placed in his orbit relatively to Saturn and the Earth that he appears to be travelling very slowly, and Saturn also, because they are travelling almost directly in the line of sight with the Earth. As our world is travelling very much faster than Jupiter and at about 1100 miles a minute it enables all three worlds to remain almost in line for all this time. But there will occur slight variations, and during November and December Jupiter and Saturn will appear to separate to about twice their present distance apart, and then they will again come nearer together.

On Monday week, November 11, the little world of Mercury will also be at its nearest to us, but will be quite invisible. The circumstances will be most unusual because Mercury will pass between the Earth and the Sun, so as to appear as a little black disc on the Sun's face. This event does not take place until long after the Sun has set in Britain.

This transit of Mercury, as it is called, will be best observed from Australia and New Zealand, where it may be seen from beginning to end, while America may see the beginning and Southern Asia the end portion. It is a most interesting spectacle to watch through a telescope. The first evidence is a tiny notch on the side of the Sun; in two minutes it is completely on, and then gradually travels across the Sun's brilliant disc, taking on this occasion about five hours to do so; the exact time depends upon the situation of the observer.

Mercury's tiny black disc will appear extra small on this occasion because the planet is almost at perihelion point, or its nearest to the Sun; consequently it will be near its farthest point from us and about 65 million miles away.

So small is Mercury's apparent size that 194 little discs the width of Mercury could be placed side by side across the Sun's face. Yet Mercury is a world 3000 miles in diameter. The next transit will occur in 1953. G. F. M.

Ideas For Our New Building Age

REFERRING to a paragraph in the C.N. on A Queer Idea, the secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects has written to point out that we are wrong in attributing the idea of a windowless house to them in connection with their recent competition on Industrial Housing. The C.N. would not willingly misrepresent so distinguished a body as the R.I.B.A., and gladly explains this admirable competition, which is now closed.

The competition was actually a helpful contribution to the building which must go on with the extension of our war factories, in order to make the houses and estates serve the needs of the present and the future.

As the homes of the workers are today objects of attack from the air, the R.I.B.A. suggested that competitors should design a house

of which the ground floor only should be built during the war, the upper storey being completed in peace time. The windows should be provided with shutters or other blast-proof protection, adequate provision being made for ventilation. Though somewhat densely occupied during the war, the house, which must be simply erected in home-produced materials, was to be suited to the more spacious lives to which we shall return in peace.

A second branch of the competition was the planning of an estate of 250 houses which must not be a landmark from the air. The committee suggested that war-time meals, baths, and laundry would be communal, and the competitor should therefore show a building well placed for this purpose which could ultimately be used as a recreation hall.

Pettiness at Pettigo

THIS tale is told by an Irish newspaper cameraman at Pettigo. He was taking photographs when a stolid policeman arrived.

"You cannot take pictures here," he said, "but if you move over to your right about fifty yards I cannot interfere."

This seems queer, but the explanation is simple. The border between Northern and Southern Ireland runs through Pettigo; so that

half of the inhabitants are at war with Germany and the other half are neutral. If a man lives in belligerent Pettigo he is given a gas mask and an identity card and has to black-out at night, but if he lives in the neutral zone he is at peace with the world.

There are 346 inhabitants in Pettigo, which has two sets of school systems, police forces, local governments, and Customs officials.

It was Pip's own fault. He ought never to have tried to cross by the stepping-stones when the river was so high that the water was actually lapping several inches over the top of the great blocks of granite. It was a risk he had no right to take, but Pip Warner seldom thought of risks, and the change of wind had made it impossible to fish any longer from the right bank.

Saul's Stones, as the Moor folk call them, are not easy to cross at any time, for some of them are a long stride apart and the tops of all are smoothed by the floods of centuries. Yet Pip, who was an active, light-footed boy of 14, jumped cleverly from one to another till he was only two stones from the bank. That second stone was not only smooth, it sloped. Pip's feet shot from under him and over he went.

The Spinning Pit

He was carrying rod and landing net and had his creel slung over his shoulder. It was the creel that did the damage. The powerful current caught it and its weight dragged him under. He got his head up and struggled hard, but the stream was too strong for him and he found himself being carried swiftly down into the great foam-flecked pool called the Spinning Pit. Not a nice place, with the peat-brown water roaring against rugged granite walls. It was said no one had ever got out of it alive. Pip looked round desperately, and at that moment a face showed on the bank above.

"Catch hold!" came a shout, and a long pole was thrust out towards him.

Pip grasped it and was at once dragged to the bank. Two strong brown hands caught him and hauled him, dripping, up the slope, and Pip was facing a boy a little older than himself, a tall, lean, muscular lad who wore an old pair of grey flannel trousers and a patched shirt.

"Didn't you know better than to cross the stones without the pole?" his rescuer asked sharply.

"Pole! I never knew there was one. It's the first time I've been on the Moor."

"There's always a pole. If there hadn't been I'd have had a job to get you out."

"Good thing for me you were there," said Pip quietly.

The other laughed. "I've been here most of my spare time for a week past," he replied. "But

you're wet and a bit cold, I reckon. Our house is just up the hill. If you'll come along there's a fire in the kitchen and Mother will give you a cup of tea."

"Jolly good of you," said Pip, and the two started together.

On the way Pip learned that his new friend's name was Frank Gregory and that he was son of the water-bailiff who looked after the Upper Arrow and its tributaries. Frank had brains and had gone from the village school to the Grammar School at Taverton. At present he was home on holiday, helping his father.

"Dad's in trouble," Frank told Pip. "There's a chap called Jacob Parton been snatching salmon, and Dad can't catch him. The Fishery Board's been making a fuss, and Mr Rouse, the chairman, says Dad's too old for his job and wants to sack him. It isn't age; he's only 45. It's a wound he had in the last war has left him a bit lame so he can't travel fast."

"So that's why you've been watching the pool," said Pip.

"That's it," said Frank briefly, and then they reached the long, low, granite-built cottage which was Frank's home. Mrs Gregory saw at once what had happened.

"Take him into your room, Frank. I reckon some of your things will fit him. I'll have tea by the time you're ready."

Although it was still summer a peat fire glowed in the sitting-room where they all sat down to a tea that Pip enjoyed as much as any meal he had ever eaten. There were tough cakes, clotted cream with whortleberry jam, and a home-made cake. But it wasn't so much the good food as the pleasant atmosphere that appealed to Pip. Pip was the only son of a busy barrister and his mother was dead. He had everything that money could buy but no home life. These Gregorys were devoted to each other, and happy in spite of the threat hanging over them.

Pip stayed till his clothes were dry, and by that time he and Frank

were firm friends. When he left Frank went with him to show him the bridge across the river. Again they talked about Parton. Pip said: "See here, Frank, I'd like to help. Two pairs of eyes are better than one. I could watch one pool while you watched another."

"And suppose you saw him, how could you let me know?"

"Run to wherever you are. I don't want to boast, but I can run. I won the Lower School half mile last term."

Frank gave Pip a quick glance. He noticed his long, sinewy legs, deep chest, and keen look.

"We might try it," he agreed, and Pip went back to the fishing inn where he and his father were staying, feeling happier than he had been for a long time past. Mr Trant, the landlord, met him at the door.

"Your father has been called back to London," he told him. "He doesn't know when he will be back. He said you were to stay and amuse yourself and that he would write. He hoped you'd be all right."

"I'll be all right," declared Pip cheerily.

Watching the Pool

"You're early," said Frank, as Pip came lightly along the fisherman's path next morning. "What on earth is that great parcel you're carrying?"

Pip laid down the parcel, which was wrapped in sacking, and began to explain. Frank's eyes widened as the other talked. Then suddenly he laughed.

"It's a good scheme, Pip. But first we have to find where Parton is going to work. I was out late last evening, and saw two big fish moving in Witch Pool. It's my notion Parton will try for them this evening." He broke off sharply, grasped Pip by the arm and pulled him down behind a bush. "There he is, now," he whispered.

A tall man was coming up-stream. He walked on the balls of his feet, very quickly and quietly. His head was poked forward and a battered hat hung low over his eyes. His nose was long and his lips thin.

"He looks like a wolf," Pip said under his breath, and Frank nodded.

Parton had no rod or fishing kit and he went swiftly past without seeing the boys.

"He's looking for fish," Frank said. "Pip, we'll watch Witch Pool this evening. Dad's going down river, and I'll say Parton knows it."

They watched Witch Pool and heard nothing but the splash of the water, saw nothing but a water-ousel and two rabbits. Next day Parton was selling salmon in Taverton, and Mr Rouse was raging. But no one could do anything because Parton had a fishing licence.

Strange Tackle

"Where are we going now?" Pip asked next day.

"Witch Pool again," Frank said doggedly. "There are big fish there. I've seen them." Hidden in the bushes the boys lay all through a long, hot afternoon, then about five there was a sound. Frank stiffened.

"Here he is," he muttered.

Parton's tall figure came stalking up the bank. He carried rod, gaff, and salmon basket. He stopped at the head of the pool and gazed down into the water. Then he turned and his sharp eyes examined both banks. Satisfied that no one was in sight, Parton took off his fly cast and put on another cast very

thick and strong. To the end he fastened a triangle of three large hooks, and above this a piece of lead weighing about two ounces.

Pip watched breathlessly. He had never before seen this sort of tackle. Parton swung his weighted hooks out over the fast water, let them drop, then gave a sharp yank. There was a splash as the forked tail of a great salmon rose above the water, then the line began whirling off Parton's reel.

Pip half rose but Frank pulled him back. "Wait till he's got it. We want the fish as evidence."

Parton did not waste time. With his powerful tackle he soon had the salmon on the bank.

"Now!" Frank whispered, and Pip pulled a string which ran through the bracken.

In a clump of bushes 50 yards away down beyond the tail of the pool a gruff voice sounded. Parton dropped the fish and spun round.

The voice went on, but the roar of the rapid drowned the words. Parton laid down his rod, picked up his gaff, and made for the bush. In a flash Frank was out; he snatched up the salmon and the rod and bolted back into the thick covert. The moment he was safely hidden Pip sprang out and went racing away up-stream. Parton, having reached the bush and found no one there, turned and saw him. He made a furious charge, and Frank held his breath.

But Pip, running easily, got into full stride and pulled away. Pip was enjoying himself. He was confident he could outrun Parton, leaving Frank to carry off the poacher's rod and the foully-caught salmon as evidence against Parton.

On the Bridge

PERHAPS Pip was too confident. Perhaps he forgot the roughness of the narrow path. He caught his left toe in a root and fell with a force that knocked the breath from his body.

Parton gave a yell of triumph, but Pip was up at once and started away again. A sharp pain shot through his left ankle. He had wrenched it badly, and found himself limping. He looked back. Parton was gaining.

To Pip's right was a deep pool. At the head a tree had fallen and lay right across the river. Pip saw that a single wire had been stretched above it, and remembered that Frank had told him of this fisherman's bridge.

Here was his chance, so, forgetting the pain in his ankle, he made a last sprint, reached it, and, clutching the wire, began to work his way across. The trunk was smooth and slippery, but Pip was wearing rubber-soled shoes, which were a great help. All the same, he had barely reached the far side before Parton had his feet on the other end of the trunk. And the look on his face was not good to see.

Pip's idea had been to cast off the wire forming the handrail. He could not do it. It was firmly stapled to a growing tree. He stood his ground.

Parton came across slowly but steadily. The rage in his eyes had changed to triumph.

Pip waited until Parton had reached the middle of the log. Then he wrenched the wire with all his strength. Parton lost his balance. His feet slipped and he fell sprawling across the log.

"Help!" he yelled.

Pip saw he was in no immediate danger.

"You'll have to wait," he told him. "Frank will be along soon."

Parton raged at him and did his best to get back on top of the log, but it was too slippery. Pip sat down on the bank and watched. He had not long to wait. Frank Gregory came running up and stopped opposite Pip.

"What's this?" he said. "A monkey show?"

"Something like it," Pip answered. "But what are we going to do about it? I've sprained my ankle, and he's too heavy for you."

"That's all right. Dad's coming. Here he is, and he's got our neighbour, Fred Caunter, with him. They can handle Parton all right."

All's Well

THEY could and did, and between them marched Parton off to Caunter's farm. Caunter had a car in which they would take the poacher to Taverton Police Station. When they had left, Frank helped Pip down to the river and took off his shoe and stocking.

"The cold water will take down the swelling," he said. "Then I'll bandage it up and help you home. Fred will drive you to Trant's when he gets back from Taverton."

Pip had to lie up for a couple of days, but he was well enough to stand up in the witness box in Court at Taverton and give evidence to which the magistrates listened with interest. The chairman, Colonel Langworthy, leaned forward.

"You two boys planned and carried out a clever capture," he said, "but what I do not understand was this voice which made Parton leave his tackle."

"That was just an old gramophone, sir," Pip answered. "We hid it in the bush and started it with a string."

A chuckle ran round the Court, and the Colonel himself smiled.

"It was a clever idea and seems to have worked well. I congratulate you both on your ingenuity."

Outside the Court a rather grim-looking gentleman approached Pip. "Good work, Warner!" he said. "My name is Rouse, and I want to thank you for helping us to get rid of our worst pest. I have some private water of my own which holds good trout. As soon as your ankle is well enough I shall be glad to give you a day."

"Thank you very much," said Pip; "but I say, sir—is it all right about the Gregorys?"

"Quite all right," said Mr Rouse, "quite all right."

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

THE LITTLE HELPERS



2. Reggie grows food in his garden

Do You Know

When Jack and Jill went up the hill what did they go to fetch?

A ball of wool

ALL the tall, straight trees in a wood used to laugh at a crooked sapling and say that it would soon be chopped down as useless. But one day the owner of the wood sent men to chop down all

the trees suitable for making doors and windows and floors, and soon only the little crooked tree was left.

He laughs loudest who laughs last.

DARK are the hours of night, O Lord, Watch o'er Thy children keep! Send now Thine angels from above And bless us as we sleep.

Bless, too, our dear ones in Thy love, From evil keep them free: And grant that we, with them, one day Thy face in Heaven may see. H. G. Blackburne

HELP me, O Lord, giver of all good things, that I may try to add, like the sunshine, to the happiness of the world.

Help me to control my temper, to check wrong feelings, and to forget myself in a spirit of love for others.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

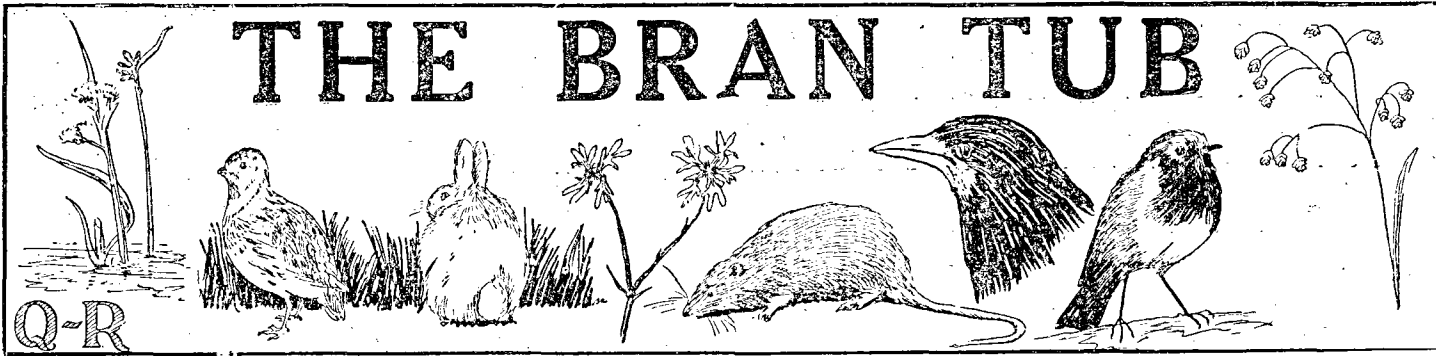
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The names of all these things found in the countryside begin with the letters Q and R. A list of them will be given next week

SELF-DEFENCE

"WHY did you laugh so heartily at that ancient story Mr Borem was telling us?"
"Well, if I hadn't laughed he would have repeated it, thinking I hadn't seen the point."

A Wise Eastern Saying

IN talk he's a wonder,
But small are his gains.
How loud is the thunder!
How little it rains!

PALINDROMES

A palindrome is a sentence that spells and reads the same from both ends. Here are three:

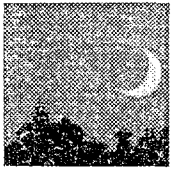
No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition.

Now stop, major-general, are Negro jam-pots won?

No, it's a bar of gold, a bad log for a bastion.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mercury is in the south-west near the Sun; and Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Venus is high in the south-east, and Mars is low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, November 3.



What Am I?

My first is in fashion but not in dress,
My second's in extra but not in less,
My third is in yellow but not in red,
My fourth is in wedding but not in wed,
My fifth is in petty but not in small,
My sixth is in beckon but not in call.
My whole is what, without a doubt,
None of us could live without.

Answer next week

Quite Another Thing

AT a university examination a professor asked a candidate: "Does the question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the student—"not at all. It is quite clear. It is only the answer that bothers me!"

OUGH!

THIS is not an easy task to show
How o, u, g, h sound; since
though

An Irish lough, and English
slough

And cough and hiccough, all
allow,

Differ as much as tough and
through,

There seems no reason why they
do.

Do You Live in Portsmouth?

THIS very old chronicles the name is given simply as Port, though later it became Portesmude. Probably the port is simply the Latin portus, a harbour, though some authorities think it may be the name of some once-noted man who lived in the district.

Useful Tomato Juice

INKS vary a good deal in composition, but most of those in common use are affected by tomato juice. It is always worth while to treat inkstains on any material with freshly cut tomato. Rub the stain well with the fruit, and then rinse the place in water immediately. If the stain is an old one the process should be repeated two or three times.

Clever Old Lady

THERE was an old lady of Kent
Who travelled wherever she
went;

She moved when she walked,
And she spoke when she talked,
And whenever she stooped she
was bent.

How Milton Wrote His Name

JOHN MILTON, who ranks after Shakespeare as the greatest master of our language, died in London on November 8, 1674. He wrote poetry from his boyhood with scholarship, ease, and grace, reaching his pinnacle of achievement in the blindness of his mature age with the majestic grandeur of Paradise Lost. In public life he was one of the greatest Englishmen of the Puritan Age. This is how he wrote his name:

Joannes Miltonis

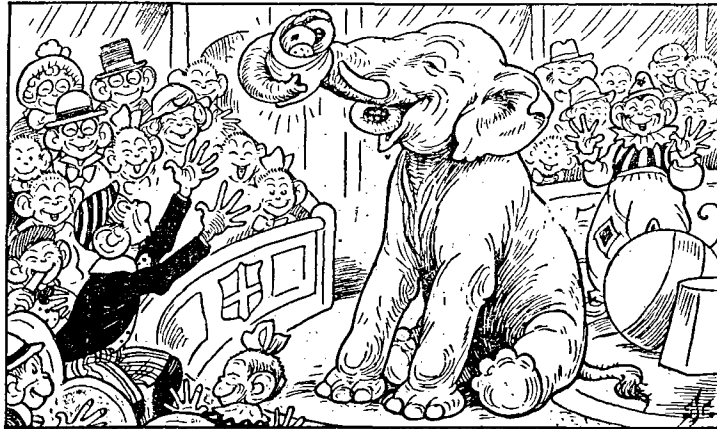
A Puzzle Sentence

CAN you find out how this puzzle sentence should read?

U there is me + or - of ÷ ;
but : = cannot :: the grave of all.

Answer next week

Jacko Goes to the Circus



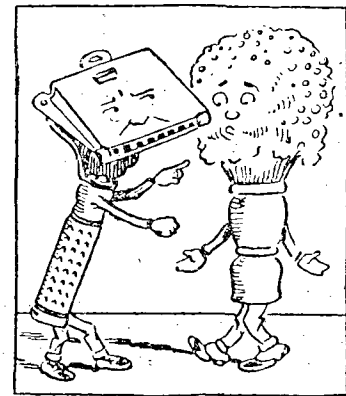
It was a first-class circus, and as Jacko meant to make a day of it he took his lunch with him. When he felt hungry he dived under the seat for the bag. "Ha! Ha!" thought the elephant, shooting out his trunk; "that looks good." And to Jacko's disgust he helped himself to the cakes. The audience thought it was the best part of the show.

Once in a Blue Moon

OSHINING moon, endeavour, do,
Instead of silver to be blue;
For if a thing's a splendid thing
It never dreams of happening
Till you are blue—and then but
once.

To give exciting things a chance
To happen oftener, oh, do,
As quickly as you can, be blue!

Trouble in the Bathroom



THE Shaving-Brush was looking vexed,
And in a rage he said,
"I hear you told the Brush and
Comb
That I'd a swollen head!"
The Safety Razor snapped, "You
have!
So therefore I repeat,
That if you put on airs with me
I'll cut you in the street!"

Respect the Weak

A TRAVELLER tells us that he saw this notice in a restaurant in Ohio:

"Don't kick about our coffee.
You may be old and weak yourself
some day."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

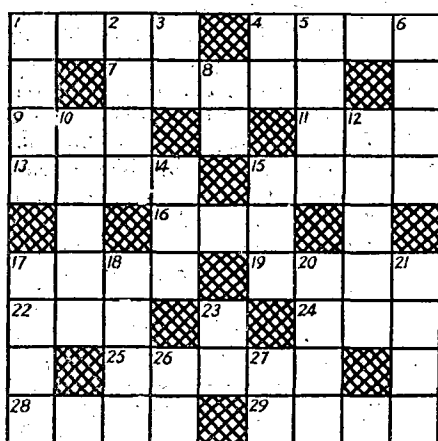
The Heading. Elbow cannon, perrier mortar, culverin, double falconet, hackbuss, fundibulus, serpentine organ, mantlet, serpentine cannon, hand cannon, arbalest, catapult, slinging engine, scorpion, chevaux-de-frise.

A Shakespeare Puzzle. A little more than kin and less than kind.

George Canning's Riddle. Cares, caress. Find the Names. Swan, Swanage, Peel, Eel, Ely, Lydd, Ted, Dove, Dover, Grouse, Ouse, Lerwick, Wick, Salmon, Almond, Bat, Bath, Crew, Crewe, Ewe, Ayr, Dee, Deer, Fowl, Owl.

What Am I? Trunk

Half-Hour Cross Word



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks.
Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 A big sheet of water. 4 Father's sister. 7 Details. 9 Wipe your shoes on this. 11 Organ of sight. 13 To look narrowly. 15 A shallow, lidless box. 16 Length of life. 17 To produce vocal melody. 19 Repetition of sound by reflection of sound waves. 22 Leguminous plant. 24 Consumed. 25 A jury list. 28 Want. 29 A key in music.

Reading Down. 1 A giver of light. 2 A flying toy. 3 French for and. 4 Morning. 5 One who employs. 6 Card with three spots. 8 Editor. 10 Nest of a bird of prey. 12 A sailing vessel. 14 A frayed piece of material. 15 Small hillock of sand used by golfers. 17 To whirl. 20 To shout. 21 An egg in France. 23 Enclosed. 26 An announcement. 27 A London postal district.

Ici on Parle Français

Pussy in the Morning

An old couple, both of them stone deaf, found great difficulty in waking up in the morning early enough for the husband to go out to his work, as they could neither of them hear the ring of the alarm clock and were not able to afford to keep a servant. So they have taught their cat, a fine tabby, they have had for years, to wake them.

Punctually at six, when the alarm clock goes off, pussy jumps on to her master's bed, and with the gentlest of paws pats and strokes his face till he opens his eyes. Then she jumps on the other bed and does the same to her mistress.

Minette le Matin

Un couple âgé, tous deux complètement sourds, avaient de la peine à se réveiller assez tôt le matin pour que le mari pût se rendre à son travail, car ni l'un ni l'autre ne pouvait entendre le réveille matin, et leurs moyens ne leur permettaient pas d'engager une servante. Aussi, ils apprirent à leur chatte, une belle chatte tigrée, qu'ils avaient depuis des années, à les réveiller.

Ponctuellement à six heures, quand le réveille matin sonne, Minette saute sur le lit de son maître, et, de sa patte de velours, lui tapote et lui caresse la figure, jusqu'à ce qu'il ouvre les yeux. Alors elle saute sur l'autre lit et traite sa maîtresse de la même façon.

WHAT IS THE BEST THING IN LIFE?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I hope you won't think me asking too much if I ask you to tell me this: What is the most valuable thing in life?

Man. You could ask no better question, and I answer it in a word—Kindness. Or I might use a shorter word which means the same thing, Love. Kindness really means that we are conscious of our common kinship with mankind, and that we owe to others consideration, cheer, and helpfulness. It is a noble conception that fills the mind with benevolence and pity, and is the only true source of happiness. A kind man is necessarily a happy man, for he has an eternal spring of goodness in his heart.

Boy. May I confess that I sometimes find it difficult to feel kindness for unkind and ill-mannered people?

Man. It is true, that some people are forbidding in manner; but true kindness is not merely the returning of courtesy for courtesy, service for service. It is a thing bestowed impartially. The test of the truly kind man is that he is as courteous to the unfortunate and ungifted as to the charming and accomplished.

Boy. I see that. After all, there is not much credit in being kind to a really nice person.

Man. Charles Lamb in one of his writings points out how a fine gentleman will be found offering to carry a small parcel for a fine lady who is quite capable of carrying it, while passing by, as unworthy of his notice, a washwoman staggering along with a heavy basket who really needs a man to help her. The courtesy that is merely extended to beauty as such is no kindness, but an act of pure selfishness.

Boy. I have noticed that when a train reaches a terminus the poor are left to struggle along with their packages while the well-to-do are besieged with offers of help.

Man. That is too true an illustration of the way of the world. It is the negation of kindness. It is a way that mankind must get rid of if our society is ever to be worth the name of civilisation. But let us get back to the individual. Let us not make the mistake of being kind merely to the agreeable; let us rather deem it a joy to win a smile from the unfortunate and uncouth, in the assurance that happiness, conjured by kindness in an unhappy breast, will blossom and even redeem a life. I do not want to preach to you, but note what Henry Drummond said:

Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things, in merely doing kind things?

Boy. And then there is kindness to animals. How wonderful it is that a dog or horse often comes to love a human being more than one of its own kind.

Man. Yes, we could have no greater proof of the power of kindness than the real affection that can be conjured in many animals by a kindness it is beyond their power to afford each other. That may well convince us of the magical strength of kindness in the affairs of that remarkable animal we call Man. Do not be disturbed in your mind when kindness is rewarded with ingratitude. "Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted." If it fails in the receiver, it remains to refresh the giver.